

DEATH TO WITCHES.

**Save
Beliefs Which
Lead to
Murder Among the
Indians
of British
Columbia.**

Stories of the murder of Indians accused of witchcraft in British Columbia are so frequent and well authenticated as to establish the existence of the savage custom. Some time ago an Indian woman lay near unto death in her home at Tahltan village, and the wise men of the tribe decided that she had been bewitched. She belonged to the faction of the Tahltans known as the "Wolves," so a Wolf witch doctor was called upon to drive out the witch that had crept in to the mortal body of the Kloochoon. The doctor came dressed in wolfskins and made up to resemble as nearly as possible a wolf, and for two hours he danced about the couch of the dying woman, uttering horrible cries and making threatening gestures, calculated to drive the witch out of the woman. The witch



TAHLTAN WITCH DOCTOR.

did not appear, and as the woman was apparently worse than before the medicine man's performance, it of course became immediately apparent to the Indian mind that the dying woman was possessed. The responsibility must be fixed, so with a howl and a leap the Wolf doctor seized upon the 12-year-old son of a widow of the tribe and dragged him to the couch of the dying woman, who admitted then that she was bewitched, that the boy was responsible for the bewitchment. And thus she died. The mother wept and pleaded for the boy's life. The lad declared that he would not know how to go to work to bewitch any one. But what could the mother do? The child do against the bewitched Kloochoon? The deceased would certainly know whether she was bewitched or not and to whom the responsibility belonged. From such a court there was no appeal.

A brave of the tribe, Descenta, here took charge of the proceedings. The boy was tied up by the thumbs and beaten with switches, punishment for the bewitching. A big hunt was organized and set for a date two months ahead, and while waiting for the final act in the tragedy the boy was frequently tied up and whipped to bring him to a realizing sense of his condition.

The mother of the doomed lad doubted the wisdom of the elders of the tribe and the justice of the boy's sentence, so she journeyed to Telegraph Creek and laid the matter before John Highland, a white merchant, who is still in business there. Mr. Highland immediately communicated with Superintendent of Affairs Affairs Howell at Victoria, who sent a detective to Tahltan village to stop the murder and secure the execution. In those days means of communication between Victoria and the town in northern Cassiar were not up to their present mark, and the detective arrived too late. The hunt occurred, and, at a convenient spot on the banks of the Stikkeen, Descenta's hunting knife, desperately wielded, dismembered the poor little Sirash, and the body was slipped under the ice of the Stikkeen, a river that seldom gives up its dead.

The day following the murder the detective arrived on the scene. A friend of Descenta offered to help him find the murderer, and they started off on their wild goose chase. The treacherous guide led him to a spot where, 20 feet away, an Indian woman, with back toward him, was scraping the snow from the spot where the murder was committed; led by the tape where Descenta was gathering his possessions together preparatory to going into enforced retirement; led him a day's march in the wrong direction; and finally admitted that Descenta must have escaped.

For two years Descenta has been a wanderer on the face of the earth, living on what he can kill and the roots he can dig. He dare not mingle with the other Indians, for they would betray him to the authorities; he dare not trust himself with the members of his own tribe, for there is a price on his head. He doubtless considers himself a martyr, for he is the first of his people to be "persecuted" for practicing the pastimes of his tribe.

There have been other executions among the Tahltans for the crime of witchcraft, even within a few months. In August, 1898, an Indian girl died at Tahltan village. Before her death she confessed that she had been bewitched and declared that little Joe Callahan, a 12-year-old orphan, was the boy who had bewitched her. Of course Joe denied the accusation, but the girl died, and that proved her story, according to the Indian belief. An Indian named Lott took upon himself the right to meet out fate to little Joe and tied the boy up by the thumbs, according to the best methods of the tribe. As snow would not arrive for at least 40 days and as it would be contrary to all precedent to order a big hunt until there was snow on the ground and ice in the river, the victim had a considerable length of time to atone to his tribe and acquire a better understanding of the disadvantages of being an upstart to date with, unknown to oneself and friends.

But this little boy had a better chance for his life than had his predecessors in witchcraft, for the sudden rush of gold seekers toward the Canadian Klondike

had lured within 20 miles of little Joe's home fully 4,000 civilized gold seekers, 200 Canadian soldiers and a fine body of provincial police under the command of W. H. Bullock-Webster, and, the matter coming to the knowledge of the latter, the murder was prevented. Mr. Webster sent after the parties concerned in the affair. His officers brought back little Lott, but not his self appointed executioner, but an Indian runner, for a monetary consideration, found Lott and brought him to the influence of proper questioning Lott deposed as follows:

"My name is Lott, a Tahltan Indian; have declared for hunt at which Joe Callahan is to be disemboweled by me and his body sunk in Stikkeen for having bewitched a girl of our tribe. I believe in witchcraft. My tribe has always believed in witchcraft and executed witches. I do not know it is wrong. I believe it is right."

FATAL LEAP.

How a Lion and an Antelope Met Death in Africa.

But for the large herds of different sorts of antelopes, says Chatterbox, the lions in Africa would fare but hardly for their food. Swift as they are, it is often said that a lion can run down most antelopes through sheer speed; but, whether there is any truth in this or not, it is not often that the king of beasts captures his prey in this manner. Much more after the feline nature, he likes to conceal himself and to lie in wait, springing out upon his prey.

In our illustration it is clear what has happened. Using the slight cover afforded by a mimosa thorn bush, the lion has waited patiently while three antelopes were grazing and getting nearer and nearer, little suspecting the presence of their terrible enemy in ambush only a few yards from them. Crouching lower and lower, in order to avoid being seen, the lion has waited until one of the luck-



DOWN TO DEATH TOGETHER.

less beasts has approached to within half a dozen strides of him before bounding out upon it with a terrible roar. Dashing away for dear life, the antelope rushes toward the edge of a precipice. Gaining on his victim at every stride, it is well known that for a few yards distance a lion's speed is terrific—the average beast overtakes it just as the two reach the edge of the precipice. Heedless of this danger, merged as it is in the still greater one of the pursuing lion, the antelope struggles madly to the edge. The lion, with claws and teeth firmly fixed in the deer's shoulder and neck, too late perceives his own terrible position. The next instant pursuer and pursued are launched into space, turning over and over in the air and reaching the bottom with a thud which could be heard a long way off. The antelope has escaped one danger, only to meet its death in another, while the lion, lulled of his prey, has died beside his intended victim.

BALLOON WARFARE.

What the British May Do in the War With the Boers.

The balloon detachment of the British army is doing good especially for the slaughter of the Boers by the dropping of aerial explosives into their hiding places, while the sharpshooters who crouch behind crags and pick off the British and Boers will be made acquainted with the terrible effect of dynamite shells.

It will be contended that the Boers are no parlor marksmen; that they will hit the balloon as soon as it is above the treeline. Of course they will hit it, but it is a different matter when it is above the treeline in this age of widely distributed knowledge people can be found who do not realize that hitting a balloon does not mean bringing it down. In fact, a balloon may be hit by so large a missile as a sharp shot and yet soar for hours and then sink as gently to the earth as a bird alighting on a branch. It may even be ridden with bullets and yet stay up long enough to descend to a very low level.

This is easily explained. It can be readily seen that every hole made in a balloon results in an extra loss of gas and obviously decreases its sustaining power, but it can also be readily seen that a great bag containing 10,000 or 12,000 feet of hydrogen will stand such a small leakage as will be caused by a few bullet holes for a considerable period of time.

The difficulty of piercing the modern

balloon, too, must be considered. It is made of tough, thick silk or gold beater's skin and is covered with a close network of ropes, and when we reflect that a duck's feathers will deflect bullets at 30 yards distance it is not difficult to understand the deflection of a Mauser or a Krag-Jorgensen bullet from this tough, smooth fabric at the height of 1,500 or 2,000 feet above the surface of the earth. In addition to this probability of deflection, there exists another strong argument contrary to the "collapsing" theory. It has been found that a bullet hole beneath the middle zone of the balloon does not affect it materially, for as gas always rises the pressure is in the top of the balloon. So it will be seen that to cause any marked escape of gas a balloon must be shot through and through.



DROPPING DYNAMITE FROM A BALLOON.

which, owing to the toughness of its fiber and its network of ropes, is a most difficult thing to accomplish, and even when the feat is executed it does not mean the collapse of the balloon for probably hours afterward.

The British experts claim that they will send up balloons which will hover over the Boers in their concealed fortifications and drop down upon them such a rain of death dealing explosives that consternation and panic will ensue among the superstitious descendants of the Dutch, who will not be able to comprehend this novel and awful method of warfare, and that the battle will be won without serious loss of British soldiers.

Building Up a Practice.

One of the oldest practitioners in Danbury county, a retired physician, states that the young doctors of the present age are not as energetic as they were in his time. "When I first hung out my shingle," said the venerable M. D., "I found myself in an immense, but all the same I daily rushed out of the house with my medicine case and rode post haste to the country for several miles. The chances were that I looted about the woods while absent, but it served to create the impression that I was doing business, and eventually my practice grew."

"Once my neighbors became suspicious, and they followed me so persistently on one of these wild dashes that I thought I was at last 'up a stump.' But all things come to the good man that I am," added the physician, "and as I have now have I come across a woodman who sat along the roadside with a cut foot. I dressed the wound and my fame spread."

—Philadelphia Press.

It Will Go in His Book.

"You have so very many curious expressions in this country, doncher know," said the visiting Britisher to the native.

"Yes."

"Now, for instance, I see in the papers sometimes that a dink horse has been nominated for office. Of course you don't want to nominate a horse, you know, but I can't understand where the expression comes from, doncher know."

"It is easily explained. We Americans nominate dink horses in order that we may have a stable government."

The Englishman pondered over this statement for some minutes and then said:

"So, sir, I see! Very good, very good! I'll put that in my book about America."

And he drew forth his memorandum book and made the necessary notes.

—New York World.

A Confident Youth.

"So, sir," exclaimed the father impressively, "you wish to marry my daughter?"

"I do," answered the youth resolutely.

"Do you think you can support her in the luxury to which she has been accustomed?"

"Yes, when she makes her home with me, she won't have the gas turned down at 10:30 from the meter as a hint that it is time for company to go home, and she won't have any complaints about the amount of coal burned in order to heat the parlor for visitors."

I kind of think, maybe, the dear girl will be pleased with the change in time."

—Washington Star.

A Lover.

"I'm going to quit gambling. It costs too much."

"Why, you know you win more than you lose."

"Yes, but to keep even, I would have to win twice as much as I lose. You see, whenever I win, I have to give half to my wife."—Indianapolis Journal.

Do You Speak From Experience?

Is a girl ever really interested in football, or does she pretend to be, because of her interest in the players? The fact that she usually loses interest in the game after she is married looks as if the latter were the case.—"As She Sees It" in Lowell Citizen.

It is probably true that love laughs at locksmiths, but any careful reader of the proceedings of the divorce courts cannot fail to observe that the locksmiths get a laughing lining later on.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A man is invariably disappointed when the man he is said to look like is pointed out to him.—Athens Globe.



If You "Fagged Out," Feel

Have HEADACHE, BACKACHE, POOR APPETITE, BAD COMPLEXION, and would like to feel like a new man, let us recommend CELEBRITY KING to you.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 25c and 50c. 8.

THE KISS PATROL.

One of the Latest Stories Told About Admiral Dewey.

"While I was up in New York during the Dewey celebration," said a federal official, "I had an interesting talk with an old friend of mine who is in the secret service and who was there on special detail to look after some of the distinguished guests. Just how many government detectives were on hand nobody knows except Chief Willie, and he isn't apt to tell, but there were enough to put a very prompt quietus on any crank or indiscreet enthusiast who might have been inclined to make things unpleasant."

"It seems that Dewey had a particular dread of being kissed. He probably remembered how poor Holston had been oiled into obscurity, and the first thing he asked of the members of the arrangement committee who boarded the Olympia in the bay was that all females who looked as if they had intentions should be kept at a distance."

"The committee pledged him the honor of New York that he would be protected, but they realized at once that they had the biggest kind of a contract on their hands. It is no easy job to guard a hero against chaste salutes. It would never do to tell every lady who came to be presented that she mustn't kiss the admiral, for nine-tenths of them would certainly regard such a caution as a downright insult. Then, too, the thing is so quickly done! It might be all over before Dewey could yell for help. The only plan was sleepless vigilance, and it was exercised to the limit."

"When a woman was spotted who looked as if she might be meditating a rush and a snuck, she would suddenly find herself carried backward into the throng. It seemed like the natural swaying of the crowd, and how it really happened could only have been explained by the dozen or more quiet gentlemen in citizens' clothes who always bobbed up mysteriously when the admiral halted in his ulster."

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Must Have Been Born Lucky.

"How did you make out with that effort to break your uncle's will?"

"Fine! After it was all settled up and the lawyers had the estate I didn't owe them a cent."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Nipped in the Bud.

"There is only one story that can always bring tears to my eyes."

"What's that?"

"The story I was just getting ready to tell myself."—Detroit Free Press.

DR. WARTON'S DOSE.

Relief for Women.

French Female Pills.

Prepared by thousands of satisfied ladies as reliable and without an equal.

Sold by all druggists and mail order houses.

White and Black. Take no other.

French Drug Co., 361 & 363 Pearl St., New York City.

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You can wash clothes cleaner, without hot water, than with it. A little rubbing; soaking does most of the work. Fels-Naptha soap 5c. of your grocer; and he returns the 5c. if you don't find it so.

—The Fels-Naptha Co., Philadelphia.

plial progress. They had several bad scares; but, taken altogether, the kiss patrol was a huge success. It was the first time on record that the government ever ordered a blockade on human lips."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Gifts For Dewey.

"Well," said the patriotic farmer, "if Dewey ain't comfortable when cold weather sets in, all I've got to say is it won't be our fault! Gran'mother's half blind, but she's done knitted him six pair of woolen socks, my ole woman has made him a quilt, with the star gabled banner in the middle, the two gals has made him a flannel muffler, I've bought him a pair of jeans britches an the ole shoemaker has kilt his only cow to git a pair of shoes fer him out of the hide!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Tenacious Tenant.

"It was very careless," exclaimed the Parisian property owner. "What's the matter?"

"The agent has rented my property to a man named 'Guerin.'"

"What of it?"

"Don't like the name. It sounds mighty unpromising in case we should feel called upon to undertake an eviction."—Washington Star.

The Baby.

The Baby—Goo, goo, oo, oo!

Mother—Just look at that child talk! What must people think of him?

Father—Very modestly!—Perhaps he seems pedantic to others.—Detroit Journal.

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